

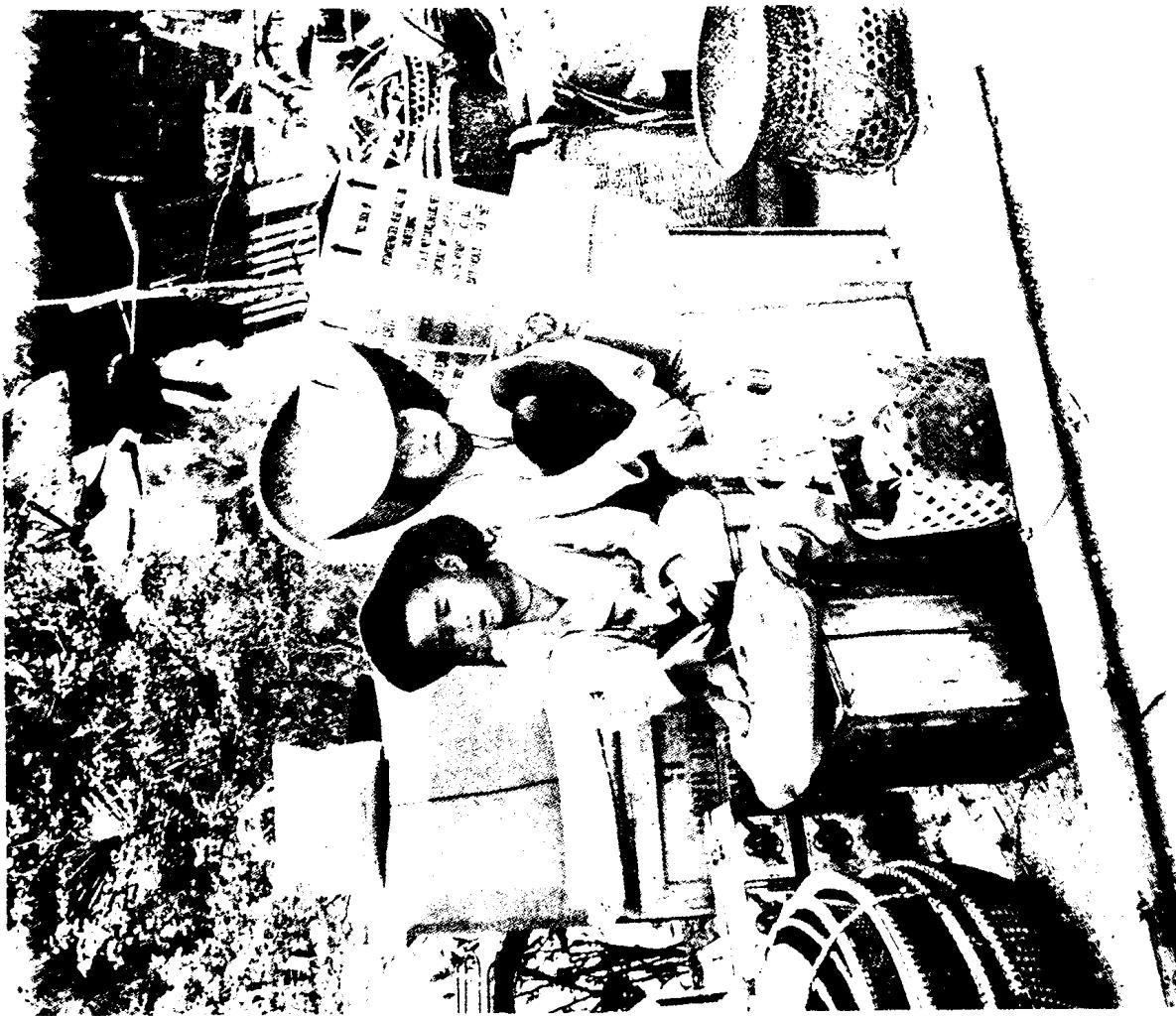
Mr. Ly Van Sau, spokesman for the Provisional Revolutionary Government of South Vietnam, personally asked me today, January 13, to inform the American people of the new crimes being committed by the American government in South Vietnam.

At the press briefing following the 140th session of the Paris Conference on Vietnam, Mr. Sau explained that the heavy bombing of the northern provinces of South Vietnam by B-52s currently underway is aimed at driving the population out of the northern part of South Vietnam which is to be turned into a free-fire zone in which tactical nuclear weapons are to be used. The policy of population concentration is expected to be accelerated during the month of February.

In his declaration to the 140th session, Mr. Nguyen Van Tien, deputy chief of the delegation of the Provisional Revolutionary Government of South Vietnam, stated that "one of the most unspeakable crimes being committed by the United States and the Saigon administration is the forced concentration of the populations of the northern provinces of South Vietnam in order to make more than 1,000,000 people living in those regions abandon their native villages for concentration camps in the southern part of the country."

That is what he asked me to communicate immediately.

-- Schofield, Coryell, LIBERATION News Service
correspondent in Paris



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January 15, 1972
#406

(Note to editors: See graphics section for photos to go with this story.)

NIXON PLAYS POLITICAL FOOTBALL WITH PRISONERS OF WAR; AND THE AIRWAR GOES ON

By Anne Dockery

LIBERATION News Service

Almost a year ago, Karen Kearns and I travelled to North Vietnam as writer and photographer for Liberation News Service. With us we carried heavy little suitcases filled with letters and packages--containing things like eyeglasses and medicines--from families of prisoners of war in North Vietnam.

We delivered them with very little fanfare, and returned to the United States the same way with a bundle of 193 letters from POWs, to be delivered to their families here through the Committee of Liaison.

Karen and I didn't meet any POWs while we were in North Vietnam; nor did we visit any camps. He didn't ask to.

Instead we visited schools, factories and farms where we met the people of North Vietnam. Some of those we talked to had been victims of American bombs. Others told us, "No, you are not the first Americans we've met. In 1966 (or 67 or 68...) we met an American pilot who landed in our village."

It was hard to forget about the POWs while we were there, and it has been hard ever since. Possibly because of my experience in Hanoi, I find it particularly hard to accept the tear-jerking stories about bereft families of POWs as they appear in the straight press. It is even harder to accept Nixon's exploitation of the whole POW issue.

The following article is put together from first-hand information and material from several articles, pro and con, about the POW issue. It attempts to tell the truth behind the story of the POWs.

"LONG ISLAND WIFE OF A WAR PRISONER CONTINUES 75 MONTH VIGIL," headlined a feature article in the January 10 edition of the New York Times. It was not the first story about POW families that has appeared recently and it won't be the last.

This particular story featured Eileen Cormier, a grammar school librarian from Bay Shore, New York, whose husband, Air Force Sgt. Arthur Cormier became a prisoner in North Vietnam in September of 1965. That places him among the first of the 346 men captured in North Vietnam so far. (The very first, Edward Alvarez, was brought down in August of 1964.)

The Times article, like most of its genre, doesn't waste time discussing the airwar and its consequences. The writer narrows his concern to Eileen Cormier and her four children--"Kevin, an infant when his father left, is now a second grader. Sean, the oldest child, and the only one with vivid memories of his father, is in junior high school."

The article talks of "bleak moments" and

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"bitter solitude". Mrs. Cormier herself, on the other hand, sounds pretty spunky.

She wasn't shocked at all when she read about the recent Christmas week bombings over North Vietnam, nor was she particularly upset about the newly captured pilots. "Those people who got shot down... where were they yesterday?" she said. "Who in their right mind would fly those planes? I mean, don't we learn anything?"

Mrs. Cormier isn't worried about her husband's physical and emotional state. She has received 30 letters from him and has seen him in various films that were shot in his camp (The "Hanoi Hilton"), showing him to be in good condition. Nor does she make any allusions to the inhumanity of the North Vietnamese for holding her husband for so many years. She puts the blame squarely and properly on Nixon.

As a member of the board of the National League of Families of American Prisoners Missing in Southeast Asia, Mrs. Cormier has visited the White House more than once and has had the dubious honor of discussing the situation with Henry Kissinger. When she goes, she makes a point of wearing a faded Air Force fatigue jacket.

"They say, 'Have faith in the President.' I answer, 'Which president? This is the third presidential campaign since my husband first went to Vietnam, I'm the one who's constant. You're the variable.'

By the end of the Times article, you have a pretty good feeling about Eileen Cormier -- she's strong and sensible, and you hope that she'll have her husband home soon because she seems to miss him and you wouldn't want the kids to grow up without a father.

There's nothing wrong with that feeling, as long as long as you keep in mind that these kids won't be the first to grow up without a father or mother. That in fact, there are many such children --war orphans in Vietnam--whose parents were victims of the very men that are now held prisoner there.

Eileen Cormier's husband was not a pilot: his job was to parachute down to rescue pilots who landed inside "enemy territory." But almost all of Hanoi's prisoners are highly-paid (\$20,000 a year and more) Navy and Air Force officers who were shot down or crashed while on attack missions over North Vietnam.

These POW articles never talk about that angle of it. Nor do they remind you of the prisoners held by Saigon under the close supervision of American advisors. No one knows exactly how many of these prisoners are being held because the Saigon government doesn't keep records. But the Committee on Prison Reform in South Vietnam which tries to aid the prisoners and publicize their situation, estimate over 100,000. Not all of these people are technically prisoners of war; an overwhelming number are civilians who were arrested for supposed political crimes.

The United States doesn't keep any prisoners of war itself, but turns them over to the Thieu government (which is a perfectly legal arrangement by the Geneva accords). That way it is not so hard to avoid accusations of torture, brutality and illegal

#3, January 15, 1972 more...

arrest that should by right be shared by the U.S. and South Vietnamese governments. And it makes it much easier for Washington officials to heap such accusations on the North Vietnamese from a position of seeming innocence

* * *

Nixon has found a goldmine in the POW issue. He can and does use it as an excuse for almost anything--even to justify massive new bombing raids over North Vietnam

Men like H. Ross Perot, Texas computer billionnaire, have also gotten a lot of mileage out of the POW issue. Perot formed an organization called United We Stand which drew a lot of attention to himself and the cause of flying POW wives to Paris in December of 1969, to plead with the Vietnamese (who listened) to free their husbands or at least tend to their health and safety.

For Christmas Perot made a \$600,000 flight to Southeast Asia with a plane load of relief supplies and presents for the prisoners. He was not allowed to land in Hanoi -- more evidence of North Vietnamese inhumanity--so he returned home with a full plane, and more fuel for his cause.

Perot, building his image as a humanitarian billionaire, emphasized the inhuman conditions that the POWs were forced to live under--quite ignoring all eyewitness press reports to the contrary--and paid for a full scale replica of a POW camp which was placed in the Capitol building for tourists to inspect. The exhibit featured all the tortures he could come up with--bamboo cages, shackles, rats and cockroaches.

Perot's efforts paid off well. In February he had Gallup do a poll, which showed that 68% of those polled had heard of the POW issue; of those more than a third estimated there were over 2,000 prisoners.

Perot holds no political office (though he may have aspirations) but in intent at least he is not so removed from the State Department. For while there is no evidence that the Pentagon or any federal agencies initiated the many trips that POW families have made to Paris and Southeast Asia, they certainly have not discouraged them.

In October of 1969, the Air Force sent a letter to the wives, discussing the Paris trips:

"Although the government does not feel this procedure is proper in view of the existence of established channels for exchange of such information, we do not intend to stand in the way of any family members who might decide to travel to Paris."

The next paragraph told the women how to apply for passports, and offered to assist them with military advisors while they were in Paris.

The Pentagon itself continues to face much propaganda on Hanoi's "humane" treatment of prisoners. In fact they are lied about it openly with any real evidence. The Vietnamese have an international reputation for taking good care of POWs, whom they consider human beings in the same human beings in the air.

Only once in the summer of 1966 did it seem that Hanoi was going to take any action against the prisoners. POWs were paraded through the streets of the city, and it was announced that they were going to be tried as war criminals--which Hanoi still maintains they are. (As perpetrators of indiscriminate aerial bombardment, they certainly qualify by most international standards.)

A few days after the news made headlines in the U.S., President Ho Chi Minh said, "The main criminals are not the American pilots captured in North Vietnam, but the persons who sent them there --Johnson, Rusk, MacNamara--these are the ones who should be brought to trial.

There were no trials. It is likely that the whole incident was simply intended to attract attention to the bombing of Hanoi.

Even the prisoners themselves, upon returning home, have had few complaints. The one notable exception has been Navy Lieutenant Robert Frishman, whose testimony was encouraged by the Navy, and who received wide press coverage.

Frishman was a pilot flying off the aircraft carrier Coral Sea. He was downed in October of 1967. As a goodwill gesture, the Vietnamese released him with two other POWs in the summer of 1969. Upon his release, Frishman spoke gratefully of the careful medical care he had received and voiced no complaints about the Vietnamese.

But, after a month of debriefing by the Pentagon, Frishman began telling grisly stories about his own treatment and that of his fellow prisoners, Lt. Commander Richard Stratton in particular, who was supposed to have had his fingernails torn out.

Actually, the closest thing to torture that the prisoners experience is the shock immediately on capture, of being confronted by peasants who are openly hostile. Many prisoners have told reporters that they can understand that hostility.

Sometimes, the North Vietnamese government takes a POW to the area he bombed--in case he didn't happen to land there--to see what he had done. For many of the pilots it is the first time the connection is made--what they do in the air, and what happens on the ground. Sometimes, the Vietnamese report, it takes effect.

Of course, many of the men are not won over. Some of them, according to the Vietnamese report, are actually glad to see U.S. bombers fly over the camps. The planes give them hope rather than a feeling of anger at being threatened by their own country's bombs.

The Vietnamese have a realistic approach towards the conversion of these men, whose commitment to the war is undoubtedly pretty strong. (Otherwise why would the Pentagon trust them to fly off with millions of dollars worth of equipment?)

The pilots have years of anti-communist propaganda behind them which isn't undone over night. The Vietnamese are aware that they are tough to convince so they don't waste much time trying.

In any case, a returned POW who was too grates-

ful and too anti-war would either not be believed or not allowed to talk much. So far, Hanoi has released nine prisoners, all into the custody of representatives of the anti-war movement. Except in the case of Frishman, the press has virtually ignored them.

The Pentagon is very press-conscious and knows how to make the most of a situation, by openly encouraging POW families to talk to the press. One Air Force letter to the families suggests that:

"The best way to handle an interview is to use a humanitarian approach, i.e. my children and I are required to bear additional anxieties because the enemy refuses to release any welfare information concerning my husband."

Wives are told, "It would be in your best interest not to discuss the situation in terms of national policy or politics as related to our involvement in Southeast Asia." The rationale offered is that politics are not the issue here.

But the families are getting tired of telling the same old story with no comment. Like Mrs. Cormier, Mrs. Virginia Warner of Ypsilanti, Michigan, was active in the League of Families, but "resigned in disgust" when she realized that she and her organization "were being used to drum up war sentiment."

Mrs. Warner's not the only one who's tired of being used. Take for example, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Beecher, whose son is listed as missing in action -- a story all in itself.

Hanoi lists fewer than 350 POWs held in North Vietnam. The Pentagon lists 1600 as "missing in action/prisoner of war." But among the missing are many many men who could not possibly be alive -- like the Beecher's son reported missing four years ago.

Quentin Beecher's helicopter went down in the South China Sea. There was no life-saving equipment aboard and the helicopter itself sank. After two days of searching, the Navy could not find Beecher and gave up. His father, an experienced pilot himself, said, "I've crashed that helicopter a thousand times in my mind, and under those conditions, there's no way that Quentin could have made it."

Mrs. Beecher says, "I think they're misreading us for their own purposes."

So long as the State Department pads the list of U.S. captives, it can be flaunted in the faces of the North Vietnamese negotiators in Paris, with demands that they report on 1200 men they've never seen. The insinuation of course is that they are all held prisoner and that Hanoi is keeping silent just to torture their families.

The Vietnamese can't provide the names, much less guarantee the safety of those men, some of whom, they protest, must be dead. Of the others, some may be held prisoner by the Communists in North Vietnam, or by the Laotian or Cambodian liberation forces. But Washington, with the aid of the American press corps, claims all American forces in

Indochina "the North Vietnamese Army." So Washington holds Hanoi responsible for those men too.

Actually the State Department knows very well that most of these men are dead. One spokesman, when called upon to explain why they encouraged over 750 wives to write to Hanoi although there were not half that many prisoners, offered this excuse for the padding: "The wives know, they know in their hearts. And anyway, who's hurt by keeping them on the payroll?"

Such sensitivity for the feelings of the POW families is not always apparent, or matched by action. In fact, much to their chagrin, the State Department has proved completely inept in the whole area of opening and maintaining correspondence between prisoners in Hanoi and their families.

Hanoi relays all letters and packages through the Committee of Liaison (to avoid depending on U.S. government agencies). The Committee, based in New York, was formed in late 1969 and has since delivered 4000 letters from prisoners and sent many more the other way.

But a couple of times, letters coming by courier through Kennedy International Airport, have been seized by customs in order to discredit the Committee and make their job more difficult. In the end, this tactic has caused the State Department more embarrassment than anything else, and for the past year, the letters have passed unmolested. Returning with the most recent pre-Christmas delivery of a thousand letters, Rev. Richard Fernandez, a member of the Committee, received the VIP treatment by airport officials on his return to New York.

Rev. Fernandez told the press on his arrival that he was glad to be able to bring so many letters but at the same time condemned the heavy bombing of North Vietnam which at that time had only just begun. "I grieve over this insane destruction," he said, "and fear for the lives of both the Vietnamese and the U.S. pilots."

Nixon cannot be expected to share Fernandez's grief over the Vietnamese. But the fact that U.S. bombs could take POW lives as well carries equally little weight with Washington. Nor do they bemoan the added number of prisoners that logically follow the air attacks.

Republican Senator Robert Dole of Kansas, a staunch POW man, who claims there are 1500 prisoners, admitted to a CBS reporter last spring:

"We have to be very candid about it. We don't want to stay there just for the prisoners, we don't want to get out just for the prisoners. They're very important, but they represent less than 1-2 of one percent of the Americans who've died in Vietnam."

Dole has talked a lot about the POWs, but has done very little to save them -- unless you count the raid on the prison camp. The Pentagon claims that months of careful planning went into raiding Son Tay, a supposed Prisoner of War camp near Hanoi. But no prisoners were found.

It should have made a good story, but even POW

families were not impressed with the attempt. They saw it as endangering the safety of their sons and husbands, not as a realistic attempt to save them.

In all likelihood, the raid was not conceived of as a serious attempt, for returned POWs can't be used as political footballs. They are worth much more to Nixon where they are. In part for the same reason, Washington spokesmen tend to avoid demanding the actual release of POWs (legally, Hanoi is under no obligation to return them). They talk instead in somewhat more realistic terms of releasing accurate lists, allowing inspections of the camp by the Red Cross and extending the mailing privileges.

Nixon has offered a prisoner exchange. But it was calculatedly unrealistic in its terms. In a press conference in December of 1970, he revealed that "Ambassador Bruce (in Paris) offered to exchange, upon the part of the United States and South Vietnam, 8200 North Vietnamese that we have prisoner for approximately 800 Americans and other allied prisoners that they have. That's a ten to one ratio, but we're willing to do that."

Later, Defense Secretary Melvin Laird talked about exchanging 36,000 North Vietnamese for 3,000 Allied prisoners.

Some explain the huge difference in the numbers with the inevitable theory that the Vietnamese place so little value on human life that the U.S. must offer them a bargain. But more to the point, by setting the numbers so absurdly high (North Vietnam could never come up with 800 men, much less 3,000) they make the offer impossible to accept, even if Hanoi wanted to.

There is no law, international or otherwise, that says Hanoi is obliged to release the prisoners at any point before the cessation of active hostilities. And there is no reason to expect that, aside from an occasional good-will gesture of releasing a few men, they will.

As long as the POWs remain in North Vietnam, Hanoi has a bargaining point to use to their advantage. They insist that the only way to free the prisoners is to end the war. The PRG's 7-point proposal, which the North Vietnamese endorse, says that discussions for the release of prisoners could begin when Nixon sets the date for total withdrawal.

This summer, PRG spokesmen in Paris added that they, as well as the government of North Vietnam would begin releasing prisoners when they were confident that total withdrawal has begun.

But Hanoi has no intention of returning almost 350 fully-trained and experienced pilots to the United States, only to find them flying back again, or training more men to do the same thing as has happened before.

Every indication is that Nixon's date will be a long time coming. Despite public sentiment against the plan, he has consistently argued for the necessity of retaining "residual forces" in Southeast Asia.

"It just seems to be that the... we don't want to

withdraw all the troops ever," said Mrs. Gerry Gartley, the mother of a captured Navy pilot. "I've gone full circle on it--the war and the situation in Southeast Asia. It seems to me that Nixon's making a big to-do about the prisoners, but he feels that if he hollers enough and makes a big stink, he can get the blame off him--and blame it on Hanoi."

"If it boils down to a choice of getting out of Southeast Asia or getting the prisoners out of Hanoi, I'd hesitate to say which choice he'd make."

So while U.S. troops are taken out of South Vietnam, the air war over the North will continue and expand. Recent reports show that the bombing of the North in 1971 was five times that of 1970. The number of POWs will continue to grow, and Washington will continue to use them as an excuse, indeed as a reason for the escalation.

There will also be more trips to Paris, (although probably with less enthusiasm), more petitions and letters, postage stamps, industry-sponsored ads ("To 1600 Americans, 'today' means despair and horror"), and bumper stickers ("Have a Heart, Hanoi").

One of the most flamboyant gestures recently was Bob Hope's trip to Vientiane in December to talk to the North Vietnam embassy, seeking permission to go entertain the boys in Hanoi. He also offered to fundraise \$10 million among America's richies, to buy the release of the prisoners.

Because the whole issue is billed as humanitarian and not political it pops up in insidious ways--such as the pre-game Missing Pilot flight over the Rose Bowl this January 1st. There have been many "moments of silence" observed at nationally televised football games over the past months--moments of silence for American men, not their Vietnamese victims. Yet, half-time shows that are anti-war have been prohibited for being too political.

This contradiction is being pointed out more and more by people like those in the new organization called POW/MIA Families for Immediate Release. They broke away from the National League of Families because they saw it as apolitical and thought that it functioned as an arm of the government. The families recently demanded and won the right to equal time on radio stations that broadcast what Washington likes to consider "public service announcements" on behalf of the prisoners.

The POWs are inextricably bound to the war, which is most certainly political, and there is no way that prisoners will be freed in the Rose Bowl. The only place to do it is in Paris, as the Vietnamese have been saying for a long time. And more and more Americans are catching on.

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PLAID FILL OUT THE QUESTIONNAIRE
IN PACKET #402 WE NEED YOUR
IDEA

"PEOPLE'S OPERATORS" LEAK PHONE CODE

NEW YORK (LNS)-- Self-styled "people's operators have leaked the alleged credit card formulas for 1972. They claim that the following numbers and letters correspond with each other:

1--Z 2--J 3--C 4--S 5--D 6--H 7--U 8--M
9--A 0--X. These ODE NUMBERS ARE NOW MATCHED WITH THE FOURTH DIGIT OF THE TELEPHONE NUMBER, not with the sixth digit. Other than that the procedure is the same as last year.

A credit card consists of eleven digits and looks like this: XXX-XXXX YYY A. The first seven digits are a telephone number. The first three numbers are called the prefix. IF YOU ARE USING A NUMBER WITH A LOCAL PREFIX, BE SURE TO CALL THE NUMBER TO MAKE SURE NO ONE ANSWERS THERE. (The operator may check it while you're calling).

The next three digits of the credit card are called the RAO. Any number from 001-599 can be used. These RAO's stand for cities, so if you are using a number with a local prefix have the correct RAO. If an operator says "What city are you calling from?" and looks up the RAO, hang up and try again from another phone. (Some RAO's are: 157--Berkeley-Oakland, 158--San Francisco, 072-074-021--New York, 035--Atlanta, 032--Washington, DC, 105--New Mexico.)

The last digit of the credit card is the letter that matches the fourth number of the phone number. 834-1656 087 Z is an example of a 1972 credit card formula.

The operators handle real credit card calls all day, and can tell if you are nervous. Don't hesitate, read your number like it's memorized and have all information handy. Say it fast-- 834-1656 087 Z with no dashes. In the daytime the operators are too busy to check up on you. At night, they may. YOU DON'T HAVE TO SAY WHO THE CALL IS BEING BILLED TO OR THE NUMBER YOU ARE CALLING FROM. THE OPERATOR CAN HEAR ANY BACKGROUND CONVERSATION IN THE PHONE BOOTH, SO BE COOL.

In any case, keep your phone calls brief, use a public phone and don't use the same booth twice.

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ST LOUIS COURT RULES "DIXIE" A "TYPICAL AMERICAN SONG"

ST. LOUIS, (LNS)--The U.S. Eighth Circuit Court of Appeals ruled recently that the song "Dixie" is not racially abusive and upheld the suspension of 29 black St. Louis high school students who walked out of a school assembly where the song was played.

The court said that "Dixie" was a "typical American song."

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"Let's have no talk of constitutional rights in this courtroom. The constitution sits up here with me." -George Jackson, 1971

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LIBRARY NEWS SERVICE

MENTAL ILLNESS GROUNDS FOR DEPORTATION OF BLACKS IN BRITAIN

LONDON, (LNS)--Britain's most racist Immigration Bill, which became law on October 28, 1971, states that black people may be deported if they are "mentally ill." As a result, blacks are afraid to seek psychiatric help, or even advice from their doctors.

176 staff members of the Maudsley Hospital in London recently petitioned against this clause in the Immigration Bill, stating that they are worried about the vagueness with which psychiatrists themselves define mental illness.

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(Thanks to the Black People's Information Center for this short.)

MAYOR RIZZO WANTS "OUR OWN ELECTRIC CHAIR" FOR PHILLY

PHILADELPHIA (LNS)--Frank Rizzo, Philadelphia's new mayor, thinks there should be a local option on capital punishment. Or "our own electric chair."

Rizzo ran for mayor this past November on a super Law'n Order platform. This campaign was the culmination of his infamous career as Philly's most repressive Police Commissioner.

He built his reputation with the use of tear gas and dogs in the black community and made national headlines with his handling of the Black Panther-sponsored Constitutional Convention in the summer of 1970. Besides stripping the arrested Panthers in the street, calling them yellow dogs, Rizzo made fashion news when he wore a billy club with his tuxedo.

Mayor Rizzo explained his call for a city electric chair: "I don't know if it will stop violent crime by taking the life of the person who commits the vicious crime, but I am certain of one thing--that he won't be around to commit another murder."

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(For more information on Rizzo, see packet #391)

GOVERNMENT TIPS ON DOPE PRICES

WASHINGTON, (LNS)--If you are paying more than \$16.75 for a lid of grass or \$9.00 for a gram of hashish, you're getting burned, according to the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs, which conducted a recent nationwide survey of drug prices.

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(thanks to Earth News for this information.)

+-----
+ COMBAT SEXISM! +
+-----
+ WATCH YOUR ADS!!!! +
+-----

January 15, 1972

more...

HIGH SCHOOLS: "THIS IS A GODDAMN PRISON
AND WE'RE JUST BREAKING OUT"

LIBERATION News Service

'Editor's note: The following account is from Socialist Revolution (March-April, 1972). It is excerpted from a longer article entitled Towards a Movement in the Schools by the Bay Area Radical Teacher's Organizing Committee..

Folsom High School, its students will tell you, is the tightest school in the Bay Area. It still has a rigid dress code that is strictly enforced and a principal who has publicly stated that if he has to be the Hayakawa of the school district, he'll do it; he does it every day.

Folsom certainly has an order to it as any teacher or visitor will tell you, but underneath and not too far underneath the surface, is an anger that goes beyond anything I've ever seen in students after three years of teaching in fairly rough schools.

Even as a substitute teacher, I felt a knot in my stomach every time I worked there because I knew that from the moment I entered the classroom I would have to choose between the repressiveness of the school and the students' response to that repressiveness. I remember the first day we were having a pretty heated discussion when the principal walked in and told us that our behavior (he treated me as he did the kids) was appalling and that there was too much noise in the halls. When we didn't quiet down, he kept the class after school for an hour.

But the biggest confrontation came over passes to the bathroom. There was a constant cat-and-mouse game between the administration and the students over smoking regulations, and because the kids knew that I wasn't about to ask them, every time they left the room, whether they really wanted to go or whether they wanted a smoke, they converged on me for passes which I freely gave.

Usually I had one-day stands at Folsom and that was quite enough. But one day this year I was called in to do a three-day stint with a "low achiever" science class. The teacher I was subbing for was a large, authoritarian male, and the students breathed a sigh of relief when they saw me. Some laughed because they knew it would be an easy three days.

The regular teacher left detailed lesson plans ("Have them read pp. 109-117 and answer the questions at the end of the chapter") and strict orders that none of his equipment was to be handled by the students. I timidly and embarrassedly read the assignment, and when the students groaned, I felt a sense of relief and anguish-relief because I felt uncomfortable administering such a nonsensical assignment, and anguish because I knew that if I didn't administer it, I would have to deal with all that pent-up hostility.

So I said, "He'll be expecting this work, do it at your own pace, do it together if you want, feel free to talk, but let's keep it cool."

Five minutes later two boys came up to the desk and asked to go to the john. I let them go,

only one at a time. About ten kids left during the period, some of them freely borrowing cigarettes and matches from their friends. We talked about the absurdity of the regulations which made them sneak their way out of classes and through the halls to the johns.

Things went pretty well until the fourth period class of thirty-five boys. (The teacher had described them in his plans as animals, and so they understandably acted out his expectations.) My pleas for quiet went unheeded; they told me not to bother writing the assignment on the board, and went about the room throwing the equipment that they had been told not to handle.

After about fifteen horror-filled minutes during which I frantically tried to take roll, I yelled, "Please tell me why you're so angry. I know that having a sub means letting loose but I really sense that something else is happening here."

One boy said, "This is a goddamn prison and we're just breaking out." Another boy said something else. In about three minutes, we reached in a discussion of what was wrong at Folsom the calm which the teacher had wanted for his assignment. But the noise of the previous few minutes had carried.

While one student was enthusiastically laying out his ideas for organizing some kind of strike, the science teacher from next door appeared, with arms folded, at the door. The student looked up at me and then at him and said, "Mrs. Z., do you think if we had a strike here they'd call the cops?"

And I, feeling like the floor was giving in under me, not having the good sense to walk over to the door and ask the science teacher what he wanted, not wanting to break the discussion, sympathizing with the boy's desire to let the spy from next door know that he was not going to be intimidated, said:

"Well, the police have been called into other places when that's happened, but it hasn't stopped people."

At that point, the science teacher noticed a kid playing with some lab equipment in the back of the room and, not knowing how to react, screamed out, "Get your hands off that, it's private property." The kid looked back at him and yelled, "No, it's not! It's public property and this is a public school and I can touch this equipment," at which point the bell rang and the science teacher said, "Don't think I won't report what's been happening here back to your teacher when he returns."

The kids filed out and I walked up to the intruding teacher and poured out my feelings. I told him I didn't know how teachers were able to teach anything in a school where students were so angry about the way they were treated and where teachers lived in continual fear of the administration. He softened a little (he didn't like the principal too well either). At the end of the conversation, I felt like I had a temporary reprieve.

After lunch, I told the new class some of

what had happened earlier and that we ought to be cool about passes to the bathroom and noise. I would have liked to express my own anxiety about losing my job—but on the basis of one day they had no reason to trust me or to give a damn whether or not I lost my job.

The last period of the day came and I thought I was already home free, when midway through the class the principal came in. He pulled out of his pocket about five passes he had collected during the day, slapped them on my desk, and asked, "Is this your handwriting?"

I answered yes. He said, "Well, we don't give out passes except in extreme emergency." I told him I had no way of knowing if a student really had to leave the room. He said, "Well, I'll solve your dilemma for you. Starting tomorrow, no one in any of your classes leaves your room for anything." He walked up and down the rows checking what students were doing and left

The next day I told the students what had happened and that no one could leave. They listened, muttered something about the principal, and I went on to show a movie that the regular teacher had scheduled for that day

About fifteen minutes into the movie, I smelled smoke and realized that the students were lighting up cigarettes all over the room. I went over to each group and told them, "Hey, listen I just told you what went down yesterday. We're all going to get into serious trouble" (Me mostly, I thought, since a five days' suspension for smoking is welcomed by a lot of kids!)

As each group I spoke with put the cigarettes out, another group lit up, and round and round it went until, in desperation and anger I flicked on the lights and what I saw were looks of terror, kids frantically putting out their cigarettes, waving the smoke away from them, and some heads bowed with guilt.

What struck me in that moment was that, while they sneakily defied the rules every day, in some part of them they believed that what they were doing was wrong; that in fact, stealing off to the bathroom was not for them a way of confronting the system but, in some strange sense, was a reaffirmation of the principal's legitimacy and of his definition of them as troublemakers. And so I said to them,

"You know you're right in everything you want, but the sad thing is that you don't know it. Whatever you're sneaking around to get, whatever you're hiding, you have the right to ask for in the light of day, and when are you going to start doing just that? When are you going to stop telling each other that there are only five kids in the school who'll stand up and tell in any terms, when there are twenty kids right here with a chance and smoked?"

No one said anything for a moment and then a boy asked me if he could get a pass to go to the room of the stable. I told him he could not until the end of the year. I told him to tell the kids about the talk at the end of the year, in the city, about what's going on in the world.

at Folsom and that it wasn't impossible to get some of the things they wanted.

The bell rang and the rest of the day was quiet. Kids had heard about what had happened in the first-period class and they somehow ordered their classes themselves that day. A few kids started asking for passes and other kids said, "No, not today—she'll get in trouble and so will we." A few said that they had heard about the student unions and asked if I could get them something to read on them.

My assignment ended but I continued to go back to Folsom periodically for the rest of the year and talked with as many students as I could. A few things did happen. At a rally in early May, the principal ordered the students back to class after somebody set off a cherry bomb. Most of the students refused to leave the auditorium and began chanting in protest.

A few organizations got started and I attended one meeting where kids were writing a letter to the community telling them about some of the things happening at Folsom and inviting them to a meeting to discuss possible action. The meeting never came off as far as I know, but something had begun.

There were several things that I learned from my experience at Folsom. As a sub-and even as a regular teacher—you rarely know what is your own failing and what is the result of an impossible situation. I did see that you can't teach independence or creativity in a prison-like atmosphere.

At some point, you have to start confronting the general repressiveness of the school. You can't delude yourself into thinking that your classroom will be different, because the anger carries over and you have to deal with it when you have created it or the principal has.

The question of how to deal with that anger is a more difficult one. The movement talks about the kids who rebel today, it revels in stories about fires being set, riots in school and the like. What I learned at Folsom, where rules are continually broken, where vandalism abounds, is that this doesn't necessarily result in kids getting a better conception of themselves or in getting them to work together to change things.

As radicals and as radical teachers we have to stop saying "Fight on!" to every individual act of defiance. We have to begin helping students to understand that their anger is legitimate and that their acts of defiance mean. Once with the start of self-consciousness will students and teachers move from what are now individual and impulsive acts of rebellion toward building a movement that will change the prison-like atmosphere of our schools once and for all.

FIGHT ON! FIGHT ON! FIGHT ON! FIGHT ON! FIGHT ON! FIGHT ON! FIGHT ON!

FIGHT ON! FIGHT ON! FIGHT ON! FIGHT ON! FIGHT ON! FIGHT ON! FIGHT ON!

PEOPLE'S STREET MURALS
by John Weber
LIBERATION LIBERATION News Service

We want the walls of Chicago to be open, available for the people. We are involved in struggle, we are here in all fields of life, in the community, in business, involved, and to a large extent, the people's murals will continue to expand. The movement, the struggle of Black and Brown people, the struggle of the poor, the rural, the city, the urban, the rural, the big cities, especially Chicago, are involved in the movement, the movement of the people, the movement of the poor, to place their art in their own hands, their own.

The movement to create people's art on public walls in Chicago began in 1967 with the inspiration for the "Wall of Respect". The wall honors Black men and women denied recognition by the white media and portrays Black history as a heroic resistance struggle. It was initiated by William Walker, and a number of other artists who are still active in mural painting, participated.

This wall, like others that have followed, has been celebrated, loved and protected by community residents because they had a part in it. Their demonstrations to save the wall held back Urban Renewal in that area for three years.

Walker has written, "In questioning myself as to how I could best give my art to Black people, I came to the realization that art must belong to ALL people. That is when I first began to think of public art." The titles convey the aim: Wall of Dignity, Wall of Pride, Harriet Tubman Memorial Wall (all in Detroit), Wall of Respect, Wall of Truth (in Chicago).

By 1969 a few white and Latin artists had followed this example (of black artists). Over thirty murals have been painted in Chicago in working class communities. Curiously enough the first murals done by white artists were in Black neighborhoods and done as collective works with groups of Black teenagers contributing to their design as well as their execution.

The first murals in predominantly white neighborhoods were done last summer, such as the one I did, "Wall of Choices" was done in Southgate Parkview and "Protect the People's Home" was done in Uptown by Mark Rogovin.

At the present time, there is virtually no contact between the "Fine Arts" and the poor. Art is placed on a high altar, out of reach, incomprehensible and at the same time, despised. The artists, in turn, are almost totally cut off from communication with the mass of humanity. Artists often complain their isolation and alienation from an elitist theory of talent, intellect, and aesthetic ability; there is a widespread conviction that the "poor" are incapable of understanding art.

In bourgeois society, art, like any other activity, becomes a commodity.

A fundamental difference between art and art as it applies to society is needed.

Involvement in the struggle of the people is the basis for this project, and the artist must be involved in the struggle. Consequently, political commitment and political action are essential.

The white section of the movement artists often find themselves subjected to additional pressures to give up art. Why don't you write? one is told, you're too articulate to be a painter. Do cartoons for leaflets, do graphics for a movement newspaper, design posters, buttons, banners. Anything to be useful.

What is often demanded is leftist icons—"vanguard" art, "consciousness-raising" art. This means in effect art only for the movement and its intellectual student supporters. None of this "movement art" conveys the basic problem of establishing contact with a mass audience.

For some of us, mural painting has meant the realization of a socially politically significant role as artists. With all its difficulties, it is a liberation, a release. It is a path back to the life of humanity.

My first outdoor mural was painted in 1969 in the courtyard of St. Dominic's Church, working with a group of local teenagers. The wall dealt symbolically with the Black Liberation struggle. It is called "All Power to the People".

In that project for the first time I was able to combine my life as an artist, a teacher and a socially-politically involved person all in one activity. Painting the mural was an extraordinary experience, a conversion. I found that I was able to create an imagery which spoke directly to ordinary people, which was accepted as their own by people separated from me by culture and by a long history of prejudice and oppression.

Many barriers can be crossed by an artist bringing commitment and vision to the work.

By the time the masonry paint for the under-coat is put on a wall, the mural project is already more than half finished. We start not with a wall, but with a human situation, a local sponsor or sponsors which may be a church, settlement house, or a grass roots organization. The artist will attend community meetings, will talk with youth clubs, individuals and families. A support committee will be formed and the artist will form a concept of the active forces in the community and their ideas.

Usually the community residents are involved in initially painting the wall. The project may be designed and executed collectively with a group of young people. Often children will paint a nearby fence. The project stimulates the emergence of artists without professional training from the community itself who go on to paint their own murals.

The most important part of the artist's work with the community is in actually painting the wall. The community is educated about art and artists by seeing it done and by participating. People say, "What is this question? The personal contact with these situations between the artist and community residents is essential to establishing mutual respect and merit."

Mural painting can only be done on a full-time basis. It is essential that the artist be on the job for at least six months.

more....

scene regularly and have a strong and positive impact to the community the artist's concern, and the nature of the theme. Security for the artist and for the mural can only be assured if there is acceptance and pride in the wall. Then the mural becomes a focus and a symbol of the community's commitment--fight to get a playground, etc.

It can draw people to the wall and attract hippies, young workers, mothers, grandparents, church activists, small business people, etc.

To those who hold the "political" character of our murals against us, I say that we are proud that our paintings openly support the people's struggle. Our politics has to do with community empowerment--returning art to the people as a means of communication and celebration.

FOR MORE INFORMATION:

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NEW YORK (LNS)-- Recently several women's publications have been providing information and instructions on how to perform PERIODIC MENSTRUAL EXTRACTION as a method of birth control. After four weeks the period is extracted. This is done REGARDLESS of whether the woman's period has begun.

This serves two purposes: 1) for women who are pregnant, the menstrual extraction is an abortion. It also eliminates the inconvenience of having a monthly period.

It is important for women to be able to control our own bodies. But, although there are some potentially dangerous factors that could come of the widespread publication of this article, information and instructions on how to do it.

In most cases the women who work at the clinics which use this method are trained, have had some paramedical training. The clinics are likely to have clean facilities and proper equipment, but many women publish their own publications in which they and their friends do not have contact with medical professionals. In the training and experience that the women in the clinics have, in my view, a woman can do it herself but should not try to perform menstrual extraction on herself.

Here's how the process works: Every month period comes every month, and she can't afford to have her period interrupted. So, every day, every month, for a year, she has to do one thing is tie the regular menstrual extraction out of the vagina attached to a tube, a syringe and a syringe which is connected to a vacuum. The tube is inserted into the cervix and a syringe which is connected to a vacuum is inserted into the tube. The tube is inserted into the cervix and a syringe which is connected to a vacuum is inserted into the tube. The tube is inserted into the cervix and a syringe which is connected to a vacuum is inserted into the tube. The tube is inserted into the cervix and a syringe which is connected to a vacuum is inserted into the tube. There is far less chance of infection than a hand worked instrument.

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Performing menstrual extraction on a woman who is pregnant with such a narrow tube presents the additional risk of incomplete abortion. Sometimes all or part of the fetus won't be extracted.

In addition, introducing a foreign object into the germ-free uterus is very dangerous: the risk of infection is great. The uterus does not just collect menstrual blood like the skin secretes sweat; it sloughs off a layer of its wall. In this raw and congested state, it is more prone to infection, during menstruation than at any other time.

Anything entering the vaginal canal and coming in contact with the uterus runs the risk of puncturing the uterine wall. This is not highly probable.

A woman with uterine abnormalities such as double uterus or stenotic cervix are not candidates for this procedure. Likewise, women with endometriosis, fibroid tumors or whose uteri have been badly scarred from cervical disease should not try this procedure.

Women should take care of their own health but when there are hazards, it is important to publicize them and caution women about any danger that they might cause themselves and other women due to lack of information and experience.

Thanks to Billie Frankfurt for much of the information in this article.

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***** MASSACHUSETTS BANS SNOWMOBILES WHICH UPSET BALANCE IN THE SOIL

ANN ARBOR, Mich., (LNS)--Snowmobiles have two cylinder engines and look somewhat like go-carts on a pair of skis. They can be driven through woods and other places where cars can't go due to their small size and no wheels.

"Thirty men on snowshoes over the same trail have about the same impact as one snowmobile," a Pennsylvania State College botanist said.

Due to lower soil temperatures under snow compacted by snowmobiles, microbes were more than 100 times fewer than under uncompacted snow. Microbes are essential for certain chemical reactions in the soil which help keep it fertile.

There are 1,360,000 snowmobiles in use in the U.S. Last year new machine sales totalled 570,000 units. Industry analysts threaten to have 1,000,000 in use by 1975.

The state of Massachusetts has effectively banned them by setting a noise limit. None of the major companies were able to reduce the sound level of their machines to comply with the state law.

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A woman is unable to sing about natural beauty:
the sun, the sky, the land and wind, mists, mountains,
and rivers.

She is a woman including iron and steel,
she is a woman who know to lead an attack
(she is a woman of no Chi Minh.)

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PROSECUTION CALLS INMATES
TO TESTIFY AGAINST SOLEDAD BROTHERS

by Cliff Moser

SAN FRANCISCO, (LNS)--After two weeks of testimony by preliminary witnesses, the prc secu-tion has begun calling on Soledad inmates to tes-tify against the Soledad Brothers--John Clutchette and Fleeta Drumgo. The defense is trying to show that the testimony of these 21 witnesses was ob-tained through coercion by both Soledad officials and the District Attorney's office

None of the State's prior witnesses (primarily Soledad guards and State investigators) have been able to produce any evidence to link the Brothers to the death of Soledad guard John V. Mills on January 16, 1970. A State fingerprinting expert admitted he could find no fingerprints that could be linked to John, Fleeta or George Jackson on any of Mill's articles or around the area. None of the bloodstains could be traced to them either.

One California Investigation officer, who carried out much of the investigation on the day after Mill's death, summed up his own testimony quite honestly when questioned by Floyd Siliman, John Clutchette's attorney.

"Mr. Ellserman, is it fair to say that the result of all your hard work and labor amounts to a big, fat zero?"

"Yes it is "

The State's case has been that weak up to this point. But with the next 21 witnesses, the prosecution hopes to cement their case.

On Thursday, January 6, the prosecution called Thomas York, a short and stocky black inmate. York testified that he was sitting on his cell bunk on the third tier the night Mills was killed, when the inmate from the next cell came to his door and struck up a conversation. Eventually this inmate looked out on the tier and remarked, "They got the Man."

York maintains that he then looked out of his cell and saw George Jackson holding Mills in a hammerlock while Fleeta "punched at his face." Then, he says, George beat Mills with the guard's flashlight, hit him repeatedly with karate chops, and finally slid him between the rails and let him fall to his death.

There are many indications that York was bribed by promises of freedom and threats of violence to give his testimony -- he has even sworn so himself in an affidavit he signed in early 1971 -- but it will not be easy to prove that to the jury.

York was convicted in 1963 on manslaughter charges and given an indeterminate sentence of one to fifteen years. He has served eighteen months so far. After agreeing to testify for the prosecution, the Parole Board suddenly set his parole date for December 1, 1971. Since that agreement, York has been convicted of felony escape, which carries an additional one to five year sentence by state law. But he was not given the additional time and is now being held in protective custody until the end of the trial when he will be freed.

Under cross-examination by the defense, York admitted he was coerced and held incommunicado by Captain Charles Moody and D.A. Barnes. He had already signed the affidavit to affirm that, but he is now trying to discredit it.

Captain Moody, a Soledad guard and head of "investigations" for that prison, got a bad reputation for strong-arm tactics in the Soledad 7 case. That trial of seven other Soledad prisoners for the murder of another guard was dismissed when inmate witnesses revealed that Moody had bribed them with \$500 or parole to testify against the defendants. In one case, he had even held a gun to a witness's head.

York has stated on the stand that Moody told him he would be put back on the mainline (with the other prisoners) unless he testified against the Brothers. Moody has kept York in protective custody away from other prisoners for months. He has constantly impressed upon York that he is a snitch -- open game for other prisoners, according to the "convict code."

While being shipped from prison to prison, held incommunicado and without lawyers, York says Captain Moody told him the defense was circulating a "contract" on him throughout the prisons. On one occasion, Moody armed all the prisoners in protective custody with baseball bats and told them that the Black Panthers were planning to invade the facility and kill them all.

But it is not easy to discredit York's testimony with this evidence. He wants his parole, which he can only keep if he helps the prosecution. He is also very scared for his safety. So now, York is trying desperately to play down Moody's role and avoid revealing his own motives for testifying. He constantly asks for questions to be reread, reworded or explained, and he explains his own answers at length.

He says he had no grudges against George, John or Fleeta, but he admits he had political disputes with them. Still York claimed on the stand: "George Jackson was a beautiful example of what a black man should be...I loved him."

York has even claimed coercion by the defense to deflect attention from Moody's influence. He stated that Fay Stender, one of George's ex-attorneys, visited him in jail and told him that she could spread the word if he "was OK." York says he took this as a threat.

York has testified that his parole date was not influenced by any of his testimony. But no prisoner in California can serve only 18 months on manslaughter, be convicted of felony escape, spend so much time in protective custody that he is unable to participate in the "rehabilitation programs," and still be granted parole.

If other inmate witnesses are that scared and that bent on getting parole at the cost of killing John and Fleeta, the defense will have an extremely difficult time getting them to admit openly to false testimony. But John Clutchette and Fleeta Brumgo's lives depend on it.

"I'D SURE LIKE TO LET OFF SOME STEAM":
AMBIGUITIES OF A WHITE WORKING MAN

by Robert Coles

LIBERATION News Service

(Editor's note: the following is an excerpt from a long article that appeared in the January 30 issue of the New York Review of Books. Robert Coles is a psychiatrist who has been writing over a period of five years, as a white man, about white working men at the General Electric plant outside of Boston. These are extracts from a tape recording of his friend reading him some of Coles's reactions.)

"The country is in bad trouble, that's how I see it. We're paying for all the wrong things we've done; I'd say that. We had no business getting into Vietnam in the first place, there's a bunch of crooks and thieves and liars, the people in the government we're supporting. Look at some of the countries we're pouring money into all over the world -- dictators and generals run them, and there are a small bunch of rich, and most of the people are so poor you can't even imagine how they live, like animals they live."

"Here in this country you have the highest standard of living in the world, but it's still the same: there are the rich and there are the poor, and then there are people like us -- we work day and night to keep up with the expenses. (I don't know how I'd make it if I didn't have a second job on the weekend.)"

The man speaking works in a General Electric factory outside of Boston. I have known him and his coworkers for five years, spent that length of time with them and their families and neighbors. He went on:

"I get sick and tired of welfare cheaters and worse are the hippies, who sit around doing nothing -- but they call up Daddy if they run into trouble; and the niggers, always pushing, pushing. But what the hell, who really is in charge of this country, who is calling the shots, who is raking in the money? Not the poor colored people, I'll tell you, it's not them. What have they got for themselves out of this country, for all the damn back-breaking work they've done since they got picked up in Africa by guys with guns and sent over here like cattle? Just does the ordinary worker get out of this country that he doesn't have to fight for every dollar he has?"

"Nixon freezes wages, he freezes prices, but the bankers and the stock market -- up, up, up, that's all they are, nothing else. They just keep pulling it in, profit and the profits."

"Some of them have these big cars, drivers and accountants and they drive them around. So that a millionaire can end up with a million dollars nothing compared to the here-tos and here-thoses who check every week. And if you ever get into trouble, there's always the Congressmen in Washington who can go see Congress, or a senator, and get the tax laws changed."

"Sometimes I wonder about the rich."

They ask you these whys: why one man has so much money that he owns five houses and buys a painting for a million dollars, and meanwhile children are hungry and there's no work for thousands and thousands -- right in this country. I tell them that it was always like that: even Jesus Christ couldn't beat the big boys, the rich boys; they set rid of him, plenty quick. So what can a guy like me do? I tell my kids not to try and make sense out of this country; it's like with people, there's a lot of bad and a lot of good.

"If you ask me, I think in the long run the working people of this country will have to realize that it's their sweat that produces the wealth, and that means we should have the same rights as the stockholders. No man should have to beg and no child should go hungry, and no board of directors of a big company should be allowed to sit and make decisions as if it's the stock market people, always buying and selling their shares, who turn out those cars and all the other things our factories produce."

"I can't figure out how to make things more honest and fair in this country; I'm no big brain. But I'll see some of those big brains talk on television, and I've seen them on the streets protesting, and a lot of them are damn fools, that's right, and in love with hearing their own voices."

"They write about one scheme and then another (they get paid for doing it) and they're against everything that they haven't come up with themselves, and they hit you every place; they make you feel ashamed of everything in your life: your country, the schools your kids go to, the factories where you work and the things you help make, the union you belong to, the dreams you have -- that your kids go to college and get good jobs."

"I notice, mind you, that the people who criticize this country most, they're not doing so bad. They call America all kinds of names, but just look at them: they live the good life; they look pretty prosperous to me; no one's stopping them from saying anything they want. I'd sure like to let off some steam every once in a while the way they do -- and maybe pick up a few bucks for doing it, and get cheered; but no, I have to clock-in at eight, and I'm no sooner home than I have to eat and say goodnight to my kids and go to bed myself."

"Before I get there, though, I'll hear on a program or I'll read in the paper that I'm a bigot, people like me, because I'm not fair in my mind to the elderly -- or to youth, they're called, not kids, or to the women and the fairies. Everyone wants liberation, that's what you hear, liberation this and liberation that, liberation for everyone -- yes, everyone except families like mine, and we're the minority, only, that Nixon is mistaken if he thinks we're always going to be so darned silent. All we have to do is to get by this week and go into the weekend without drowning in bills."

"People like us who just work and don't bellyache ought to start demanding liberation for us. And we ought right showing up at the factories and telling a lot of other people names."

"There's no food in the stores and
January 13, 1972 more."

nothing to buy, and the planes wouldn't work, and the TV would stop and the newspapers, and we'd be all shut up. Then maybe we could start over again. You see injustice in this world, and you think that sometimes we should -- start it all over, and make the country better, make it more like the people said it should be, the people who wrote the Declaration of Independence.

"I still remember some of the words in it, even now -- about men being created equal; it's a shame they're only words."

The longer I know this man, the more I hear him talk, the harder it is for me to call him this or that, and in so doing feel halfway responsive to the ironies and ambiguities and inconsistencies that I hear in his words and, more important, see expressed in his everyday deeds, his situation in life.

He speaks at times about blacks and students and college professors with more anger and contempt than this excerpt indicates. He can be irrational, mean, narrow-minded; and he can work himself up into a spell of mixed racism and jingoism that would only please some of the very people he chooses to attack later on: the rich and powerful, the "vested interests," an expression he learned from Harry Truman and uses over and over again.

He can also be seen working beside black men, talking easily and warmly with them, sharing food with them, offering advice to them and taking advice from them -- on what kind of gas to buy, where to get a household item, a gadget, an article of clothing.

One day, sometimes one minute, I hear him waving the flag frantically, or treating the struggles of all kinds of people with a nervous scorn that does nothing to reassure him about his own worries and fears. The next day, if not the next minute, he is a strong social critic, a populist, and independent-minded citizen who sees through all sorts of sham and cant and hypocrisy, as spoken and practiced by people he will often collectively refer to as "the powers that be."

A white racist, a male chauvinist, an American imperialist, an authoritarian person, he is a far cry from the noble, unblemished proletarian hero some radicals have praised to high heaven -- and sought to lead.

Maybe there never was such a proletarian man, at any time in history, in any country; I have no way of knowing. I have enough trouble with my own reactions to what I observe. I become annoyed, saddened, frightened, outraged. I also feel admiration, respect, affection -- and a measure of shame.

Some of this man's barbs hit home, bring me up short, and make me wonder why it has been, why it continues to be, that in my mind's way of thinking I can't quite do justice to the complexity of his life, let alone the "problem" that arises when someone like me spends time with him and with others more or less like him.

In a way, when I met these white American working men and their families, I was as ill-prepared

pared to comprehend them as I was to make sense of the black people I first worked with in the South and later met up North.

I had heard about them, too, from psychological and sociological theorists -- about the "mark of oppression," about the "basic Negro personality," with all its weaknesses and failures and "disadvantages."

Yet, year after year I saw enormous strength and resiliency as well as liveliness and resourcefulness in people who were (also, it has to be immediately added) capable of being moody, tired, worn-down, and quick to express anger against themselves as well as against a white visitor and his kind.

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THOI-BAO GA, THE NEWSLETTER OF ANTI-WAR VIETNAMESE
IN THE U.S., WANTS YOU TO SUBSCRIBE

CAMBRIDGE, Mass. (LNS)--Thoi-Bao Ga is a monthly newsletter put out by a group of anti-war Vietnamese in Cambridge. The newsletter, well into its second year of publication, has featured articles on AID's land reform program, the Presidential elections in South Vietnam and the Buddhist "Third Force." The entire 12 page November edition featured stories on the urban oposition.

The articles in the newsletter are written by Vietnamese specifically for Americans. The writers include a wide variety of people--angry Veterans of South Vietnam's army (ARVN), a university professor, and a Catholic whose sympathies switched from the U.S. to the NLF.

Thoi-Bao Ga is currently in danger of folding unless they can increase their subscriptions. You can subscribe by writing to them at 76a Pleasant Street, Cambridge, Mass. 02139. Individual subscriptions are \$5.00 for 12 issues. Bulk rates: \$1 for 10 copies, \$3 for 50, and \$5 per hundred.

-30-

AUTUMN NIGHT
In front of the gate, the guard stands with his rifle.
Above, untidy clouds are carrying away the moon..
The bed-bugs are swarming round like army-tanks on
manoeuvres,
While the mosquitoes form squadrons, attacking like
fighter-planes.
My heart travels a thousand li towards my native land.
My dream intertwines with sadness like a skein of
a thousands threads.
Innocent, I have now endured a whole year in prison.
Using my tears for ink, I turn my thoughts into
verses.

--from The Prison diary of Ho Chi Minh

--30--

Patrice Lumumba, militant black African leader, assassinated in the Congo on January 17, 1961.

THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE OR
THE GAMES PEOPLE PLAY

by Arthur Maglin

The Militant LIBERATION News Service

NEW YORK, (LNS)--Enterprising entrepreneurs have finally come up with a way to package social injustice and sell it for a tidy profit. An increasing number of new board games--allegedly for adults--with names like *Blacks & Whites*, *The Welfare Game*, *Women's Lib*? and *Smog* have been parlayed into a multi-million-dollar business.

In *Woman and Man-A Game of Confrontation*, players are instructed: "Each woman must accumulate enough status points to prove her equality to men; each man must collect enough Status Quo points to prove once and for all a woman's place is beneath his."

The explanatory blurb on the box of *Blacks & Whites* exhorts: "Experience the Ghetto. Live on Welfare. Try to buy into a white suburb...a role of the dice could bring you news that Mayor Daley has been reelected, whereupon you are taken directly to the police station for interrogation. Or you may get the good word that the Ford Foundation has granted you \$150,000 to study job discrimination against Alaskan Eskimos."

The rules of *Woman's Lib*? state that in "bargaining sessions" players "may bribe, kick, bite, scratch, buy votes, cheat, etc." And apparently to make sure that no supporter of the women's liberation movement buys the game in error, its box cover is adorned with a picture of a naked woman.

One playing situation that you're supposed to solve in *The Welfare Game* is this one. "You are an engineer and you suddenly lose your job due to cutbacks in the aerospace industry. Unable to find a job you run out of your unemployment checks; you lose your home; you go on welfare. What do you do that makes you \$1,000,000 in six years time? See No. 10."

Under No. 10 the rule book advises that the player should start his own employment agency for people who have been laid off. Which is a pretty neat trick for someone with no money to start a business.

Smog is a game about social status. The object is for social climbers to get to the top of the status ladder without losing all of their integrity as they buy their way into the country club or face a \$25,000 bribe.

The object of *A Sh-t-tell*? is for the men to keep the women confined on the playing board to the kitchen, drawing such cards as "Wild Weekend" in which the male "gains a reputation and gains a turn" while the female loses both.

Annie Racine, the woman who makes and distributes *Blacks & Whites*, started out in 1971 with a game called *Sh-t-tell*. Her company, Dynamic Design, Inc., is a \$1 million dollar a year business. Racine says that she has received complaints that the game exports racial oppression.

Several department store chain refused to carry it. Racine says, "The original's wasn't even printed because it was so bad."

carry it because two Black girls on the counter complained--if they had taken the time to play it they would have seen there was nothing wrong with the game."

All the makers of these games claim that they are promoting "social awareness" rather than making profits.

Among the other games on the market with alleged "social awareness" themes are *Dirty Water*, *Who Can Beat Nixon?*, *Feds 'N' Heads-The Game of Pot Luck*, *Ecology*, *The Cities Game*, and *Rat Race*.

Poverty, pollution, prejudice, police brutality--you name it and you can play it. And if the dice aren't rolling your way, you can always try real life.

-30-

MA BELL GO TO HELL. NEW YORK TELEPHONE
WORKERS STRIKE BACK

NEW YORK, (LNS)--After a rally in front of Governor Nelson Rockefeller's office, 1000 striking telephone workers organized a march through the midtown section of New York City, protesting the delay in their contract negotiations--now in their 27th week.

The workers have been on strike since July 14 when they joined the nationwide strike which ended with a tentative agreement on July 18. These 35,000 New York Telephone workers are still holding out; they are demanding larger pay increases to compensate for the higher living costs of New York City.

As the marchers passed one telephone company office, an egg splattered on a nearby policeman's foot. Several policemen then sailed into the crowd with their nightsticks, knocking one demonstrator down.

Many of the strikers, angered by this and the three arrests that followed, marched on attacking all the telephone company equipment that they passed.

Several telephone booths and company trucks were smashed and a small company car was overturned. At one point, three loaded police vans raced through the streets, sirens screaming, trying to get to telephone company installations before the marchers did.

Pasting "scab" stickers on telephone company property and shouting, "Ma Bell go to hell," the march continued up to the headquarters of one of the locals.

"I've said it before and I'll say it again, you see what togetherness does. We're going to keep this up until we gain the respect of the stupid telephone company." These were the words of Ricky Carnivale, president of Local 1101 of the Communications Workers of America, while he stood on top of an overturned trash basket.

During the confrontations, at least six persons were reported injured. A total of eight arrests were made.

-30-

January 11, 1972 more...

TWO BLACKS, TWO COPS KILLED IN BATON ROUGE
"IT AIN'T EVER GONNA BE THE SAME AGAIN."

by Ken Lawrence

LIBERATION News Service

BATON ROUGE, La. (LNS)--Two blacks and two cops were killed Jan. 10 when Baton Rouge police attacked a Black Muslim Street meeting attended by 1000 people. City police from every beat including undercover cops from the city's two campuses, were called to join in the attack.

The "facts" that every establishment newspaper and all the wire services carried, came straight from the mouths of the police chief, the mayor, the sheriff and the governor. Mayor Woodrow W. Dumas as quoted as saying, "They're talking about taking over our city. We're clearing the deck, and we're ready to take them on." Governor John J. McKeithen said, "a bunch of damned maniacs" started the trouble.

As police and officials stories changed, newspapers changed their explanation about the way things happened.

Attorney Robert C. Williams, chairman of the Black United Front of Baton Rouge said, "The people who were there are not saying anything to anyone--they're not the ones who are making statements to the press. We're talking to them and trying to find out what really happened."

Baton Rouge is a city of 200,000--35% of the city is black, and 25% of the black population is unemployed. Dow Chemical, Humble Oil and Kaiser Aluminum all have factories there.

Relations between the Baton Rouge police and the Black Muslims have not been good. The week before the attack on the meeting, two Muslims who were selling their national newspaper, Muhammed Speaks, were charged with vagrancy and solicitation without a license.

Around noon time on Jan. 10, the Muslims were holding their meeting in front of the Temple Theatre in the Baton Rouge ghetto. Traffic was blocked off and Muslims, standing on top of a parked car, addressed the crowd.

Sown the street, a scuffle broke out between a black reporter and some young blacks and police ordered the meeting to break up. When the Muslims held their ground, Chief of Police, Eddy Q. Bauer led the charge into the crowd. Although the Muslims were unarmed, some of them were trained in self defense--so when the police attacked, they disarmed them.

Though police claim the blacks shot first, they aren't able to produce any of the weapons the Muslims supposedly fired. The four dead men were killed by .38 caliber weapons. The police at the scene carried .38 service revolvers and shotguns and at the end of a few minutes of gunfire, the street was littered with spent shotgun shells. After the smoke had cleared, besides the four lying dead, 12 blacks and 14 cops and 3 other whites were wounded.

After the police overpowered the crowd, they continued to brutalize the blacks, dragging them

along in the rain or handcuffing them face down in puddles.

At first, eight Muslims were charged with the "Rap Brown Statute"--crossing state lines to incite a riot--and bond was set at \$500,000 each. Later the charge was changed to murder and no bond was granted.

The eight are David McKinney, Toussaint L'Overture, Clemon Brown, Warren Hall, Robert J. Barber, Lawrence Brooks, Raymond Eames, Ridgley Williams and Lonnie X, a Muslim who was speaking at the rally. He was shot in the stomach and is now in the hospital.

Cries of "outside agitator" have been raised by Gov. McKeithen, Mayor Dumas and other officials. Robert Williams responded, "When ever one of us travels from one plantation to another plantation he's called an outsider."

A people's tribunal is planned to get the facts--if they can find a place to hold it.

Even though there was no indication of a threat of violence in the aftermath of the shootout, the Sheriff, Bryan Clemons called in the FBI, Mayor Dumas imposed a curfew and Gov. McKeithen proclaimed an emergency in the Parish. Mobilizing a battalion of National Guardsmen. Over 70 black people have been rounded up for curfew violations in the two nights following the attack.

Charles Tapp the white director of the Community Action Center, commented, to a reporter "We'll just wring our hands and it'll eventually blow over".

"No child," said Betty Williams, a young black woman in his office, "it ain't ever gonna be the same again."

-30-

"CRAWLING FROM ONE BODY TO ANOTHER"
NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM FEATURES LICE.

NEW YORK, (LNS)--In February the American Museum of Natural History in New York is featuring an exhibit about lice and conditions in which they grow. The museum is known for its 3-D life sized replicas of nature scenes and people from different cultures involved in everyday tasks. The lice exhibit will be more of the same.

On display will be a wax model of a body louse and a recreated communal living scene which the museum says will include a display of used cups, dirty blankets and community hairbrushes.

The museum claims that people living in communal situations are perfect targets for lice because the only way the parasites get around is by crawling from one body to another. However, the museum hastens to add that, by no means, are all such groups lice-prone.

(Thanks to Earth News)

THE RADICAL MEDIA BULLETIN BOARD--AN INTERNAL NEWSLETTER FOR ALL LNS SUBSCRIBERS--JANUARY 15, 1972

From: The Red Balloon Collective, SUNY at Stony Brook, c/o Student Polity, Stony Brook, N.Y. 11790.
A Call For a Nation-wide Youth Conference

Well, 1971 is over--and in the last four months we saw George Jackson get ripped and the Attica Rebellion repressed. Outside of a couple of fine Weatherman and Black Vanguard actions and a few relatively small and directionless demonstrations, the movement wasn't there to respond. Shades of the Laotian invasion!

We agree that despite leaders and heavies and national offices, concrete conditions can cause people to fight back. Strikes and wildcats, rebellions and street riots, fraggings and desertions, bombings and draftboard raids, all these will continue to happen and increase in frequency and heaviness. But, to have the coordination and the consistency and availability of a nation-wide organization would be a large step towards taking our fight to higher levels. This is particularly true when all of the bourgeois forces collude to draw people into the electoral quagmire.

But the aim of our conference has got to go much further than just a makeshift response to the imperative of an election year. It has been shown that coalitions and organizations mobilized around single issues and one-shot deals are simply not enough. What we need is a systematic approach that lends local organizing a national perspective; that exposes a variety of issues based upon an analysis of the inherent contradictions of capitalism. This organization would coordinate groups and organizations working in small communities and provide them with a forum to build support and exchange ideas.

Therefore, in early March of this year, hundreds of young people from collectives, workers' caucuses, veterans' groups, free schools, daycare centers, communes, study groups, media projects, coffee houses, health clinics, gay groups, women's groups, switchboards, food conspiracies, etc., will meet at the State University of New York at Stony Brook for three days of discussions and workshops from which we will build our new organization. We feel that it is necessary to get together at this time to analyze our experiences, our hopes, and our frustrations, in order to form a coherent nation-wide strategy.

After talking with a great number of people on the East and West coasts, we feel that many understand the need for a mass-based youth organization. That such an organization does not exist at this time is evident; that such an organization must be open to all levels and strategies to the left of electoral politics is obvious.

We reject the idea that, at this point in the struggle, any one group or person has the "correct" line or strategy. Most organizations are too sectarian and pat in their response and ignorant and insensitive to other strategies and their sizes often reflect these attitudes. Other groups have become geographical phenomena and have little relevance outside of their area. Let's discuss our differences and move on the Man.

It is our sincere belief that the struggle against all the policies and mechanisms and insti-

tutions of that powerful Class which profits from the status quo can be carried out on many levels. We reject the notion that there are irresolvable differences between those who participate in non-violent raids on draft boards and those who blow away Banks of Amerika, between those who organize in lumpen street communities and those who organize in factories, between those involved in sabotage and those who create food-coops or daycare centers. These are just some of the fronts upon which we must organize against the enemy.

We see it as important to have a mass-based youth organization that will try to defeat racism, imperialism, sexism, repression and wage-exploitation, and to actively start to build a new, human and lasting culture. Certainly, those in the Red Balloon have preferences and priorities too. However, it would be arrogant for us to decide that other paths must be followed or that we alone have the knowledge or experience to lead the struggle against such a rabid imperialist hegemony. Historical experience has shown us that the road to victory and the way to encourage acceptance of an idea by large numbers of people is to be involved in struggles that affect people in concrete ways.

For white middle-class youth, this is of primary importance. For us, what must be broken is respect for authority and the state and denial of the notion that obedience to the capitalist state leads to future benefit and pleasure. Therefore, it is impossible to find credibility in those who offer us electoral politics and endless study groups. Those who criticize the struggles of masses of people will never win large numbers to their politics.

We hope to build a struggle-oriented organization that brings together political straights and political freaks, that speaks to young workers and students, that will build positive alliances with women's groups, Third World Organizations, and media groups, that will spread a radical culture that can bring the white community together.

Please send us discussion and criticism of this article.

We have reserved the meeting rooms and halls to make the conference workable. However, our collective cannot undertake this massive task alone. We therefore are asking that if you have money to contribute and/or can distribute our newspaper calling for the conference free, or can provide other resources, please write or call.

Tel. (515) 246-3802.

* * * *

From: Brother, 828 Coventry Rd., Berkeley, Ca. 94707
Brother, a newspaper about men trying to figure out our own sexual roles, has come out with a third issue. The paper tries to develop ideas about how men, who are oppressed by the system we live under, oppress women and each other by continuing to fit into masculine roles drummed into us from birth. We try to talk personally about sexual fears, women's liberation, expressing feelings, men's groups, gayness, racism and capitalism, man-woman relationships.

If you want a bundle of Brothers, send 17¢ an issue (in advance). Single copies are 35¢. Subs are \$3, with cheaper rates for those with money problems.

END OF RMBB FOR TODAY. STAY TUNED TO THE

NEXT PACKET FOR MORE OF THE RMBB

(#4-6) January 15, 1972

more..

STRIKE IN NAMIBIA SHAKES UP SOUTH AFRICA: POLICE THREATEN 15,000 STRIKERS

WINDHOEK, Namibia (LNS)--The South African government rushed large contingents of police to the Ovamboland area of Namibia (South West Africa) following the presentation there of four wide-ranging demands by African strikers, now numbering almost 15,000.

The strikers are demanding freedom for individuals to sell their labor to the highest bidder in jobs of their choice, freedom to change jobs "without landing in jail", freedom to allow workers' families to accompany them to their place of employment and freedom in terms of rate for the job and not skin color.

They are also demanding increased minimum wages to pay their own transportation cost to their place of work, instead of having these paid by the government as at present.

In any other country, such a strike might not be big news and the demands might seem obvious rights. Not so in South Africa. Strikes by black workers in South Africa are illegal and under the contract labor system through which the workers are recruited none of the rights which the workers are demanding are permitted.

These new moves by both sides in the month old strike mark a hardening of attitudes, especially that of the South African government which up to now has taken little overt action towards breaking the strike in the diplomatically sensitive territory. (South Africa has been ordered by the World Court to surrender jurisdiction of Namibia to the United Nations but has ignored the ruling.) At the same time, M.C. Botha, Minister of Bantu Administration in South Africa denied press reports that the government was considering revising the contract labor system which forms the basis of the strikers' grievances.

Under the contract system, African workers who want a job outside of the "homeland" the government has designated for them are virtually sold to their employer for an 18-month period. The South West African Native Labour Association (SWANLA) runs a medical check on the people who want work and grades them on their physical condition (A--mines, B--farms, C--livestock breeding).

Then SWANLA takes orders from employers--so many A,B, and/or C workers--and ships them what they want.

Workers on contract may not leave the employment area, change jobs or cancel the contract, and must return home when it ends, to leave again only on a similar contract.

One of the focal points of the strike is the Isumeb Mining Corporation, jointly controlled by two U.S. companies, American Metal Climax and Newmont Mining. The strike also spread rapidly to service trades, construction factories, railways and docks, municipal services and farms.

Efforts of both government and tribal authorities to recruit labor have met with almost total

failure; in some cases forcing the authorities to use white school children in place of the strikers.

Government spokesmen blamed the presence of "foreign agitators" for the recent troubles. Ovambo people who make up 50% of Namibia's population have until recently been considered staunch supporters of South African administration of the territory. Although some of them have participated in the guerrilla war waged against South African authorities by the South West African Peoples Organization (SWAPO), Ovamboland has never seen massive resistance before this strike.

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(Note to Editors: See previous packets for articles on the Harlem 6)

THE SELF WE SHOULD'VE BEEN

In their eyes shall be seen
the pain and torture of their hearts.
Their face will not bare
one minute portion of a smile.
Their feet shall carry them swiftly
to the glory that's rightfully theirs.
This is the coming of the true at heart
and the sincere doers.
Their music is sweet to hear
and their dance is the dance of death.
It is they whom we all fear.
It is the ourselves that
we should've been years ago.

Inmate William Craig,
The Tombs
The Harlem 6

NEW PLANS TO CATCH CREDIT CARD THEIVES BY 1980 OR BEFORE

Berkeley Tribe/LIBERATION News Service

STANFORD, Calif. (LNS)--Instead of taking over, credit cards may become extinct by 1980, according to Stanford Research Institute economist Ray Zablocki.

"Abuses are so widespread that some credit card companies may be losing as much as half their gross profits."

"Criminals have begun to use credit cards instead of gins," Zablocki wrote.

"Present methods of curbing losses due to stolen cards have been largely ineffective."

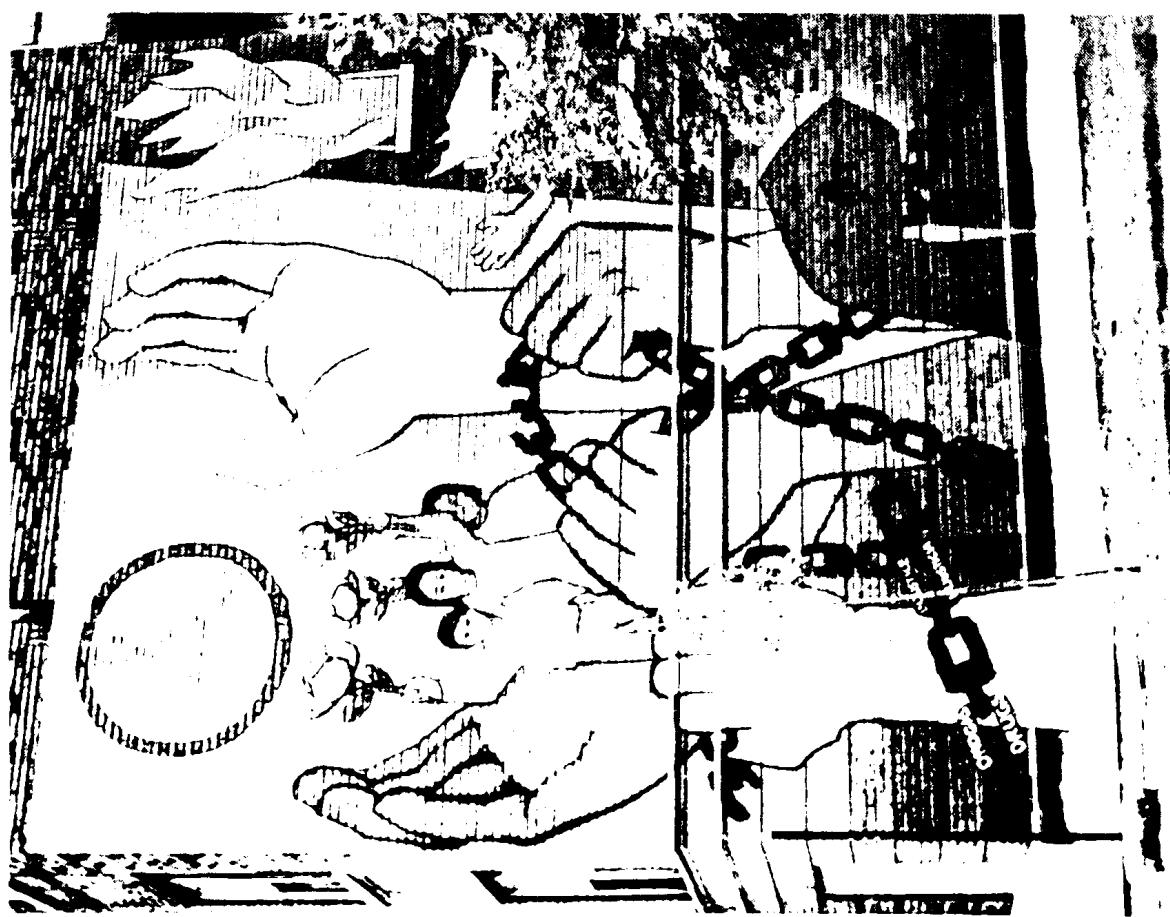
"Protective methods are possible, such as voiceprint or fingerprints to link the owner to his card," he predicts that such equipment will be part of a new industry in automated authentication equipment. Zablocki predicts this will be a \$500 billion industry by 1980.

STORY CONTINUED ON INSIDE FRONT COVER
APRIL 1, 1972 END--SEE GRAPHICS



After their release in the
middle of the night as

the two Americans were military at
Kenya, they were not allowed as they arrive home
to speak to anyone. They were not allowed to
talk to the press or answer all the questions
they were asked. However, they did assure those
of us who asked them, they were in good health.
After being interviewed by the Pentagon, Krishnan
and I were told we could not tell the other
people about our trip. We were not allowed to tell



Top: Detail from "The Wall of Black Love" a mural sponsored by the Communities Industrialization Center, Cabrini Tenants Council and the Community Mural Project of the Community Arts Foundation. It was painted in 1971 by Bill Walker, and is located at 815 W. Oak St., Chicago, Ill. See story, "People's Street Murals" on page 8 of this packet.

Bottom: "Breaking the Chains" (No plomo las Cadenas), painted by John Weber and residents of 476-18 North Rockwell and other youth in the community. It was sponsored by Division YMCA, Fred House, Al Conoco, barrio boys club, Latin American Defense Organization and the Community Mural Project.

See story on page 8.



Top: "Eisenhower, American Hero" -- 5 kids take a cigarette break at East Meadow (Long Island) High School.

Credit Ken Light/LNS

Bottom: Pledge of Allegiance -- note the enthusiasm
Credit Ken Light LNS

You might want to use these photos with the story on page 6.

PAGE P-3 ***** LITTLEFIELD NEWS SERVICE ***** (477) ***** January 15, 1972 ***** more...

BEFORE AND AFTER BIRTH

Nine long birth-giving months I loved
And cared for the child within.

The pain came,
And on a hard cold hospital bed surround
by doctors and bright lights
birth came.

He cried to the world at the spank of a hand
And for eighteen long years
I watched him grow.
Now he's like a caged bird wanting so much
To fly and sing.
And he's been that way for seven long years.

— Inmate William Craig, The Tombs

The men were arrested for murder in New York City, four of them (the other two being dead) evidence having been in the Tombs during their original conviction and until the courts refused bail.

He has printed two other drawings
and a sketch of the Harlem 6. Since
he has written a letter that he wrote to a
friend, I will say as little about his self-

"There were many thoughts going through my head as I made the self-portrait looking past the bars across the iron prison brick walls. The first was to try to get across to people that it is wrong to take careful note of the position of the flesh-hand. One covers the mouth and the other (which is my being able to hear). Behind the bars in the iron prison many so-called self killings have taken place. But one that has lived here for nearly half a century knows better. I can only say that I wrote a poem for that picture and, 'Behind these walls of hell."

Figure 1. A schematic diagram of the experimental setup.

that the child has could speak.

second half of the so-called suicides that are reported.

...that the prisoners could only give
A stitched to the blood that closes their cracks,
To give the another light on the prisons
None money help build..."

"think of myself consciously as a black person first, and as an artist second, altogether unrelated to a large degree."

600 T. H. C. LEE

"KNO" is the
Beaufort scale
written down
Direction can
keep you
the course
The ship
not the
one
is good
been
After
of the
Pilot
what
true
and
to the

1. *Chlorophytum*



MURPHREY
LOYAL
SUPPORTER
OF U.S.
BOMBING
OF CHINA

We condemn the renewed bombing
and call for ~~the~~ its cessation.

You speak about ending the war in
Indochina
~~South Vietnam~~ But don't say how you
would end it.

I ask you TODAY TO MAKE A PLEDGE
TO THE AMERICAN People.

That you will work, speak and indeed
campaign on a specific platform for
ENDING THE war in Indochina.

That Platform is:

- ~~War and War~~
- ① The setting of a Date for the Total
WITHDRAWAL OF ALL U.S. Forces
including Air Power from Indochina and
stopping All Bombing
 - ② The Removal of U.S. Support for The
Thieu Regime

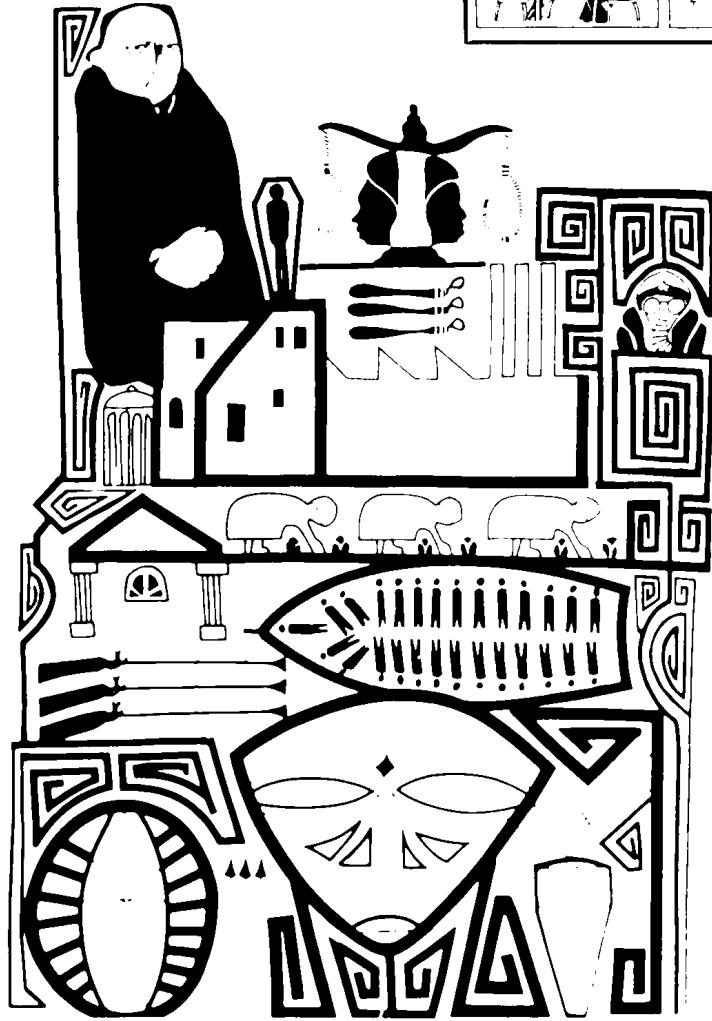
~~Support the people of Indochina~~
~~and their struggle for freedom~~
Signature:

At the 1876 Centennial Exposition, the first meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science was held to address their convention in Philadelphia. It is from this meeting that the photo on this page was taken there.

As part of the program, a speech was made by Dr. Charles H. Hovey, a member of the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, and it is his speech which is printed here. In the speech he states that "I am sorry to say that we have a right to refuse you admission to our meetings."

Now that the speech has been printed, it is interesting to see what was written in the running text above the speech. It is also interesting to see what was written in the running text below the speech.

After the photo was taken, it was mounted on a card and placed in the Library of Congress Collection Project #305.



Mr. Felton Hendon, the black, after breaking up a street meeting
at which he and his wife were called one of them cops.

that the guy on the left is wearing bellbottoms and boots and carries a machine gun. Many of the police at the scene were undercover cops with long hair and beards.

See notes on page 12, section 180.

Boomerang -- Credit UCSD Nexus/LNS

Justine Child & the Penobscot Tribe LNS

Junkie -- Credit (if you have the room) Brad Holland/Red Tide/UPS/ LA Free Press/LNS